## THE BANNER SERIES OF SELECTED SHORT STORIES

## Much Pomp and Several Circumstances

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

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of the Court of Boyville, ran a hollow. In the hollow grew a gnarly box-elder tree. This tree was the courtiers' hunting lodge. In the crotches of the rugged branches Piggy Pennington, Abe Carpen-ter, Jimmy Sears, B u d Perkins and Mealy Jones were wont to rest of a summer afternoon, planning for the morrow's chase, recounting the morning's adventures in the royal tourney of the marble ring, meditating upon the evil approach of the fall school term, and following such sedentary

pursuits as to any member of the court seemed right and proper. One afternoon late in August the tree was alive with its arboreal aristocracy. Abe Carpenter sat on the lowest branch, platting a four-strand, square-braided "quirt"; Jimmy Sears was holding the ends. Piggy was casually skinning cats, hanging by his legs or chinning on an almost horizontal limb, as he took his part in the lagging talk. Hidden by the foliage in the thick of the tree, in a three-pronged seat, Bud Perkins reclined, his features drawn into a painful grimace, as his right hand passed to and fro before his mouth, rhythmically twanging the tongue of a jews' harp, upon which he was playing "To My Sweet Sunny South Take Me Home." He breathed heavily and irregularly. His eyes were on the big white clouds in the blue sky, and his heart was filled with the poetry of lonesomeness that sometimes comes to boys in pensive moods. For the days when he had lived with his father, a nomad of the creeks that flowed by half a score of waterways into the Mississippi, were upon the far horizon of his consciousness, and the memory of those days made him as sad as any memory ever can make a healthy, care-free boy. He played "Dixie," partly because it was his dead father's favorite tune, and partly because, being spritely, it kept down his melancholy. Later he took out his new mouth organ, which his foster-mother had given to him, and to satisfy his boyish idea of justice he played "We Shall Meet, But We Shall Miss Him," because It was Miss Morgan's favorite. While he played the jews' harp his tree friends flung ribald remarks at him. But when Bud began to waver his hand for a tremole upon the mouth organ as he played "Marsa's in do Col', Col' Groun'," a peace fell upon the company, and they sat quietly and heard his repertory—"Ol' Shady," "May, Dear-est May," "Lilly Dale," "Dey Stole My Chile Away," "Ol' Nicodemus." "Sleeping, I Dream, Love," and "Her Bright Smile." He was a Southern boy-a bird of passage caught in the North-and his music had that sweet, soothing note that cheered the men who fought under the Stars

Into this scene rushed Mealy Jones, pell-mell, hat in hand, breathless, bringing war's alarms. "Fellors, fellers," screamed Mealy, half a block away, "it's a-comin' here! It's goin' to be here in two weeks. The man's puttin' up the boards now, and you can get a job passin' bills."

An Instant letter the tree man description of the property of the propert

An instant later the tree was deserted, and five boys were running as fast as their legs would carry them toward the thick of the town. They stopped at the new nine billboard and did not leave the man with the pasto nine billiboard and did not 'eave the man with the pasto bucket until they had seen "Zazell" flying out of the cannon's mouth, the iron-fawed woman performing her marvels, the red-mouthed rhinoceros, with the bleeding native impated upon its horn and the fleeling hunters nearby; "the largest elephant in captivity" carrying the \$10,000 beauty, the acrobats whirling through space, James Hobinson turning handsprings on his dapple-gray steed, and, last and most ravishing of all, little Willie Sells, in pink tights, on his three charging Shetland ponies, whose breakneck course in the picture followed one whichever way he turned. When these glories had been pasted upon the wall and had been discussed to the point of cynicism, the Court of Boyville reluctantly adjourned to get in the night wood and dream of a wilderness of monkeys.

During the two weeks that followed the appearance of the glad tidings on the billiboards, the boys of Willow Creek spent many hours in strange habiliments, making grotesque imitations of the spectacles upon the boards. Pigsy Pennington rolled his trousers far above his knees for tights, and gailoped his father's fat delivery horse up and down the alley, riding sideways, standing and hickward, with nuch vainglory. To simulate the motley of the tight-rop-swalking clown, Jimmy Sears wore the called and the was his the called and the start of the right of

Piggy Pennington rolled his trousers far above his knees for tights, and galloped his father's fat delivery horse up and down the alley, riding sideways, standing and buckward, with much valing love, To simulate the motiey of the tight-rope-walking clown, Jimmy Sears wore the called lining of his clothes outside, when he was in the royal castle beyond his mother's ken. Mealy donned carpet slippers in Pennington's barn, and wore long pink-and-white-striped stockings of a suspiciously femiline with stocking-searched to the ad severage his continue with stocking-searched to the ad severage his continue with stocking-searched to the ad severage his continue with stocking-searched to the adversarial to the stocking-searched to the adversarial to the stocking-searched to the adversarial to the stocking-searched to the stocking-searched to the stocking with the stocking searched to same the search search the search the search the search to the search the search to the search the searc

CIC of Pennington's barn, which was the royal castle of the Court of Boyville, at the passing dinner hour and the prospect of Inding only cold mashed pointoes and the necks and backs of chickens in the cupboards. They even affected indifference to parental scoldings, and lingered about the enchanting spot until their shadows fell enstward

the enchanting spot until their shadows fell enstward and the day was old.

When a boy gets on his good behavior he tempts Providence. And the Providence of boys is frail and prone to yield. So, when Bud Perkins, who was burning with a desire to please Miss Morgan the day before the circus, went to church that Sunday night, any one can see that he was provoking Providence in an unusual and cruel manner. Bud did not sit with Miss Morgan, but lounged into the church, and took a back seat. Three North-End boys came in, and sat on the same bench. Then Jimmy Sears shuffled past the North-enders and sat beside Bud. After which the inevitable happened. It kept happening. They "passed it on" and passed it back again; first a pinch, then a chug, then a cuff, then a kick under the bench. Heads craned toward the boys occasionally, and there came an awful moment when Bud Perkins found himself looking brazenly into the eyes of the preacher, who had paused to glare at the boys in the midst of his who had paused to glare at the boys in the midst of his sermon. The faces of the entire congregation seemed to turn upon Bud automatically. A cherub-like expression of conscious innocence and impenetrable unconcern beamed through Bud Ferkins' features. The same expression rested upon the countenances of the four other male-factors. At the end of the third second Jimmy Sears put his hand to his mouth and shorted between his fingers. And four young men looked down their noses. In the hush, Brother Baker—a tiptoeling Nemesis—stalked the full length of the church toward the culprits. When he took his seat beside the boys the preacher continued his discourse. Brother Baker's unction angered Bud Perkins. He felt the implication that his conduct was bad, and discourse. Brother Baker's unction angered Bud Perkins. He felt the implication that his conduct was bad, and his sense of guilt spurred his temper. Satan put a pin in Bud's hand. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, Satan moved the boy's arm on the back of the pew, around Jimmy Sears. Then an imp pushed Bud's hand as he jabbed the pin into the back of the North-ender. The boy from the North End let out a yowl of pain. Bud was not quick enough. Brother Baker saw the pin; 200 devout Methodists saw him clamp his fingers on Bud Perkins car and march him down the length of the church and set him beside Miss Morgan. It was a sickening mo-ment. The North End grinned under its skin as one boy, and was exceeding glad. So agonizing was it for Bud that he forgot to imagine what a triumph it was for the North End-and further anguish is impossible for a

Miss Morgan and Bud Perkins left the church with the congregation. Bud dreaded the moment when they would leave the crowd and turn into their side street. When they did turn, Bud was lagging a step or two be-hind. A boy's troubles are always the fault of the other boy. The North-End boy's responsibility in the matter was so clear—to Bud—that when he went to justify was so clear—to Bud—that when he went to justify himself to Miss Morgan he was surprised and hurt at what he considered her feminine blindness to the fact. After she had passed her sentence she asked; "Do you really think you deserve to go, Henry?"

The blow stunned the boy. He saw the visions of two weeks burst like bubbles, and he whimpered: "I dunno." But in his heart he did know that to deny a boy of seeing Willie Sells on his three Shetland

hoy the joy of seeing Willie Sells on his three Shetland ponies, for nothing in the world but showing a North-ender his place, was a piece of injustice of the kind for which men and nations go to war. At breakfast Bud kept his eyes on his plate. He wore on his face the resigned



"'Here's a Dollar I Got for Ridin' the Trick Mule,' He Faltered"

look of a martyr. Miss Morgan was studiously gracious. He dropped leaden monosyllables into the cheery flow of her conversation, and after breakfast put in his time at the woodshed.

At 8 o'clock that morning the town of Willow Creek was in the thrail of the circus. Country wagons were passing on every side street. Delivery carts were ratiling about with unusual alacrity. By 8.30 dressed-tilling about with unusual alacrity. By 8.30 dressed-tip children were filting along the side streets, surrying their seniors. On the main thoroughtare flags were flying, and the streams of strangers that have long into town were eddying at the street corners. The halloon vender wormed his way the best of the buzing crowd, leaving his wares in a red and this trail bening him. The bark of the faking a red and the lightening nerves of the town. Everywhere was but but the verywhere was the dusty heated and for the faking room and circumstance in its gilded trail and property the festival; everywhere were men and women ready for the marvel that had come out of the great world by brighing pomp and circumstance in its gilded trail are reywhere in Willow Creek the spirit which put the bic sush about the country girl's walst and the ling in the bree sush about the country girl's walst and the ling the her heavis hat ran riot, save at the homo of fashioned the cottonwoods; there the muffled noises of the too festival came as from a far; there Aliss Morran puttered about her morning's work, trying vainly to crown a goppel hymn, and there Bud Ferkins, prone upon the



"Well, Son, You're a Daisy. They Generally Drop the First Kick"

sitting room sofa, made parallelograms and squares and diamonds with the dots and lines on the ceiling paper. When the throb of the drum and the blare of the brass had set the heart of the town to dancing, some wave of When the throb of the drum and the blare of the brass had set the heart of the town to dancing, some wave of the cestasy seeped through the illac bushes and into the quiet house, for the boy on the sofa started up suddenly, checked himself ostentationsly, walked to the bird cage and began to play with the canary. But the wave carried the little spinster to the window. The circus had a homestead in human hearts before John Wesley staked his claim, and even so good a Methodist as Miss Morgan could not be deaf to the scream of the calliope or the tinkle of cymbals.

To emphasize his desolation, Bud left the room and sat down by a tree in the yard, with his back to the kitchen door and window. There Miss Morgan saw him playing mumble-peg in a desultory, listless fashion. When the courtiers of Boyville came home from the parade, they found him; and because he sat playing a silent, sullen, solitary game, and responded to their banter only with melancholy grunts, they knew that the worst had be-fallen him. Much confab followed, in which the pronouns "she" and "her" were spoken, Otherwise Miss Morgan was unidentified. For the conversation ran thus, over

"Naw, I've done ast 'er."

'Twon't do no good for me to ast 'er. She don't

"Floors she will, Bud?"
"I dunno."
"I' de twirling his kalfe at his game. Piggy, being the tree twirling his kalfe at his game. Piggy, being the spokesman, stood in he doorway. "Miss Morgan," he soil, at his said his leg with his hat.
"'Well, Will and hardening her heart against his purpose.
"Miss dorgan." he ropeated, and then coaxed sheepishi. "Can't Bud go to the show with us, Miss Morgan?"
"I' can't Bud go to the show with us, Miss Morgan? "
"I' a araid not today," smiled back Miss Morgan? as the wen about her work. A whisper from the doorstep prompted Pigsy to "ask her why"; whereat Piggy echoed:
"When the Miss Morgan?"
"When mit he, Miss Morgan?"
"When mit he hall stay home from the circus."
Piggy advanced a stop or two inside the door, laughing diplomatically, "Oh-no, Miss Morgan, don't you think he a ugreed. He's just dying to go."
Miss Morgan smiled, but did not join in Piggy's hilarity—a bad sign. Piggy tried again: "They got six elephants, and one's a trick elephant. You'd die a-laughin' if you saw him." And Pigsy went into a spasm of laughter the fit Miss Morgan hish and dry upon the island

if you saw nin. And Area.
laughter,
But it left Miss Morgan high and dry upon the island

If you saw him. And Pigsy went into a spassified hughter.

But it left Miss Morgan high and dry upon the island of her determination.

Pigsy prepared for an heroic measure, and stepped over to the kitchen table, leaning upon it as he pleaded:

"This is the last circus this year, Miss Morgan, and it's an awful good one. Can't he go just this once?"

The dehate lasted ten minutes, and at the end four hoys malked slowly, with much manifestation of feeling, hack to the tree where the lifth sat. There was wee and lamentation after the manner of boykind. When the boys left the yard, it seemed to Miss Morgan that she could not look from work without seeing the lonesome figure of Bud. In the afternoon the patter of feet by her house grow slower, and then ceased. Occasionally a bolated wayfarer sped by. The music of the circus hand outside of the tent came to Miss Morgan's cars on gusts of wind, and died away as the wind ebbed. She dropped the dishicht three times in five minutes and washed her cup and saucer twice. She struggled bravely in the Slough of Despond for a while, and then turned back with Pilable. "Henry," she said, as the boy walked past her carrying pepper-grass to the bird, "Henry, what made you not so last night?"

The boy dropped his head and answered: "I dunno."

"But, Henry, didn't you know it was wrong?"

"I dunno," the boy retreated.

"Why did you stick that little boy with the pin?"

"Well, he plached me first."

"Well, well—" he gasped, preparing for a defense, "Yes, Henry, but don't you know that it's wrong to do those things in clurch? Don't you see how bad it was?"

Bud did not dare to trust his instinctive reading of the

"Well, he pinched me lifst."

"Yes, Henry, but don't you know that it's wrong to do those things in church? Don't you see how bad it was?"

"I was just a-playin', Miss Morgan: I didn't mean to."
Bud did not dare to trust his instinctive reading of the signs. He went on impulsively: "I wanted him to quit, but he just kept right on and Brother Baker dhin't touch him."

The wind brought the staccato music of the circus band to the foster-mother's cars. The music completed her moral decay, for she was thinking that, if Brother Baker would only look after his own children as carefully as he looked after those of other people, the world would be better. Then she said: "Now, Henry, if I let you so, just this once—now just this once, mind you—will you promise never to do anything like that again?"

Blackness dropped from the boy's spirit, and by main strength he strangled a desire to yell. The desire revived when he reached the alley, and he ran whooping to the circus grounds.

There is a law of crystallization among boys which enables molecules of the same gaug to meet in whatever agglomeration they may be thrown. So ten minutes after hid Perkins left home he found Piggy and Jimny and old Abe and Mealy in the menageria tent. Whoreupon the South End was able to present a bristling front to fine North End-a front which even the pleusings of the late in the circus band could not break. But the boys knew that the band playing in the circus tan meant that the performance in the ring was about to begin. So they cut short an interesting dialogue with a keeper, concerning the clephant that remembered the man who gave her to be the show came to willow Creek. But when the pageant in the ring unfolded its tinseled splendor in he pageant in the ring unfolded its tinseled splendor in he pageant in the ring unfolded its tinseled splendor in he pageant in the ring unfolded its tinseled splendor in he pageant in the ring unfolded its tinseled splendor in he pageant in the ring and tried to dill him the week before the show came to wi

air." was shot from her cannon to the trapeze. Bud had air," was snot from nor cannon to the trapeze. But had decided, days before the circus, that this feature would please him most. Zazell's performance was somewhat tame, but immediately thereafter a really startling thing happened. A clown who was holding the trick mule called to the boys near Bud, who nudged him into the clown's attention. The clown pantomimed to Bud, drawing from the wide neutrinous a dollar. He held it up ing from the wide pantaloons a dollar. He held it up for the boy and all the spectators to see. Alternately he pointed it to the trick mule and to the coin, coaxing and questioning by signs, as he did so, It took perhaps a minute for Bud's embarrassment to wear off. Then two motives impelled him to act. He didn't propose to let the North-enders see his embarrassment, and he saw that he might earn the dollar for Miss Morgan's missionary box, thus mitigating the disgrace he had brought upon her in church. This inspiration literally flashed over Bud, and before he knew it he was standing in the ring, with his head cocked upon one side to indicate his utter indifference to overything in the world. Of course, it was a stupendous protense. For under his pretty starched shirt, which Miss Morgan had forced on him in the hurry of departure, his heart was beating like to little windmill in a gale. As Bud bestrode the donkey the cheers of the throng rose, but above the tumult he could hear the North End Jeering him. He could hear the words the North-enders spake, agent their "hearthean".

goethy gathered in the boys he knew and let the stranger go. Now, no boy likes to be marched down the main street of his town with the callous finger of the marshal under his shirthand. The speciacle operates distinctly against the peace and dignity of Boyville for months thereafter, for passing youths who forget there is a morrow libe at the culpfits, and thus plant the seeds of dissensions which bloom in fights. It was a sweaty, red-faced crew that the marshal dumped into Pennington's grocery with 'Here, Bill, I found your boy and these young demons fightin' down to the circus ground, and I took 'em in charge. You 'tend to 'em, will you?''

Mr. Pennington's glance at his son showedshat Piggy was unharmed. A swift survey of the others gave each, save Bud, a bill of health. But when Mr. Pennington's eyes fell on Bud, he leaned on a show case and laughed till he shook all over; for Bud, with a brimless hat upon a tousled bend, with a face scratched till it looked like a railroad map, with a torn shirt that exposed a dirty shoulder and a freekled back, with trousers se banly shattered that two hands could hardly hold them to-

gether—Bud, as Mr. Pennington expressed it, looked like a second-hand boy. The simile pleased Pennington so that he renewed his laughter, and paid no heed to the chatter of the pack that was clamoring to tell, all in one breath, how the incident began, progressed and closed which had led to Bud's dilapidation. Also, they were drawing gloomy pictures of the appearance of his assailants, after the custom of boys in such cases. Because his son was not invoked in the calamity. Plany's father was not moved involved in the calamity, Piggy's father was not moved deeply by the story of the raid of the North-enders and their downfall. So he put the young gentlemen of the Court of Boyville into the back room of his grocery store, Court of Boyville into the back room of his grocery store, where coal oil and molasses barrels and hams and bacen and black shadows of many mysterious things were gathered. He gave the royal party a cheese knife and a watermelon, and bado them be merry, a bidding which sot the hearts of Pigry and Abe and Jimmy and Mealy to dancing, while Bud's heart, which had been sinking lower and lower into a quagmire of dread, beat on nimbly and did not Join the Joy. As the time for going home approached, Bud shivered in his soul at the thought of meeting Miss Morgan. Not even the watermelon revived him and when a watermelon will not help a hoy of meeting Miss Morgan. Not even the watermelon revived him, and when a watermelon will not help a hoy his extremity is dire. Still he laughed and chatted with apparent merfiment, but he knew how hollow was his laughter and what mockery was in his cheer. When the melon was eaten, business took its regular order.

"Sny, Bud, how you goin' to get home?" asked Aba. Bud grinned as he locked at his rags.

"Chee," said Mealy, "I'm glad it ain't me."

"Aw, shucks," returned Bud, and he thought of the stricken Anunias in the Sunday-school lesson leaf as he spoke; "run right through like I always do. What I got to be 'fraid of?"

"Yes, Mr. Bud, you can laugh, but you know you'll

Yes, Mr. Bud, you can laugh, but you know you'll

catch it when you get home."

This shaft from Jimmy Sears put in words the terror in Hud's heart. But he replied: "I'll bet you I don't."

Bud's instinct piloted him by a circuitous route up the

alley to the kitchen door. Miss Morgan sat on the front-porch, whiting for the boy to return before serving sup-per. Ho stood helplessly in the kitchen for a minute, with a weight of indecision upon him. He feared to so to the front porch, where Miss Morgan was. He feared to stay in the kitchen. But when he saw the empty woodbox a light seemed to dawn. Instinct guided him to the wooda light seemed to dawn. Instinct guided him to the wood-pile, and the law of self-preservation filled his arms with wood, and instinct carried him to the kitchen woodbox time and again, and laid the wood in the box as gently as if it had been glass, and as softly as if it had been velvet. Not until the pile had grown far above the wain-scoting on the kitchen wall did a stick crashing to the floor tell Miss Morgan that Bud was in the house.

But there is a destiny that shapes our ends, and just

But there is a destiny that shapes our ends, and just as the falling wood attracted Miss Morgan's attention, it was diverted by a belligerent party at her front gate. The was diverted by a belligerent party at her front gate. The belligerent party was composed of two persons, to wit: one mother from the North End of Willow Creek, frate to the spluttering point, and one boy lagging as far benkind the mother as his short arm would allow him to lag. The mother held the short arm, and was literally dragging her son to Miss Morgan's gate, to offer him in evidence as "Exhibit A" in a possible cause of the State of Kansay vs. Henry Perkins. Exhibit A was black and evidence as "Exalibit A." In a possible cause of the state of Kansas vs. Henry Perkins. Exhibit A was black and blue as to the eyes, torn as to the shirt, bloody as to the nose, tumbled and dusty as to the hair, and as to the countenance, clearly and unquestionably sheep-faced. The mathem to record the house after the "Mess" Argent. mother opened the bombardment with: "Miss Morgan, I just want you to look at my boy."

Miss Morgan looked in horror, and exclaimed: "Well,

Miss Morgan looked in horror, and exclaimed: "Well, for mercy sakes! Where on earth's he been?"

And the leader of the war party returned: "Where's he been? Well, I'll tell you where he's been. And I just want you to know who done this." Here Exhibit A got behind a post. The recital of the details of his catastrophe was humiliating. But the mother continued: "Henry Perkins done this. I don't believe in stirring up neighborhood quarrels and all that, but I've just stood this long enough. My boy can't stick his nose out of the door without that Perkins boy jumpin' on him. If you can't do anything with that Perkins boy, I'll show him there's a law in this land."

Miss Morgan wilted as the speech proceeded. She had

a law in this land."

Miss Morgan wilted as the speech proceeded. She had voice to say only, "I'm sure there's some mistake;" and then, remembering the crash of the wood on the kitchen floor, she called: "Henry, come here!"

As Bud shambled through the house the spokesman of the belligerents repiled: "No, there isn't no mistake, either. My hoy is a good little boy, and just as peaceable a boy as there is in this town. And because I don't allow him to fight, that Perkins boy picks on him all the time. I've told him to keep out of his way and not to play with Henry Perkins, but he can't be runnin' all over this town to keep..."

And then Exhibit B, with scratched face, tattered raiment and grimy features, steed in the doorway. The

raiment and grimy features, steed in the doorway. The witness for the State looked in dumb amazement at the witness for the Sinto looked in dumb amazement at the wreck. Miss Morgan saw Bud, and her temper rose—not at him, but at his adversary. Exhibit A sulkily turned his face from Exhibit B, and Exhibit B seemed to be oblivious of the presence of Exhibit A; for the boys it was a scene too shameful for mutual recognition. Miss Morgan broke the heavy silence with: "Henry, where on earth have you been?"

"Been the circus," replied the boy,
"Henry, did you blacken that little boy's eyes, and tear his clothes that way?" inquired Miss Morgan when her wits returned.

"Wille, "demanded the head of the attacking posso, "did you pick a fight with that Perkins boy?"

"Oh, no m, no m! I was just playin' round the teat, me and another boy, and Bud he come un and impact on

tried to lick me."

"Willie," demanded the head of the attacking posse, "Willie," demanded the head of the attacking posse, "did you pick a fight with that Perkins boy?"

"Oh, no'm, no'm! I was just playin' round the tent me and another boy, and Bud he come up and Jumped on us." And then, to add verismilitude to his agrantive, he appended: "Him and four other boys."

"Henry," asked Migs Morgan, as she surveyed the debris of Henry's Sunday clothes and her womanly wrath for the destroyer of them began to boll, "Henry, now tell me honestly, is this little boy telling the truth? Now, don't you story to me, Henry."

"Honest injun, Miss Morgan, I cross my heart and hope to drop dead this minute i? I ain't tellin' you the way it was. Him and them North-enders, why they come along and called me names, and he tried to hit me, and I just shoved him away like this," and Henry executed a polite pantomime. "And I was swingin my arms out to keep 'om all from hitlin' me, and he got pickin' on me, and I told 'em all the time I didn't want to fight."

But Exhibit A kept looking at his mother and shaking his head in violent contradiction of Bud as the story was told.

Miss Morgan asked: "Who scratched your face so, Henry?"

"No, ma, I didn't. You know I didn't."

Exhibit A and Exhibit B were still back to back. Then Exhibit B responded: "Miss Morgan, you ast him if he didn't custs and damn'me, and such a way goin' to pound me to death if I ever cume diversity of you ast him if he didn't ever and damn'me, and such he was poin' to pound me to death if I ever cume does returned in great scorn: "The very idea! Just I sten at that! Why, Miss Morgan, that brethis boy is it butly of this town. Come on, Willie, your pa will see if there is no law to protect you from such boys as him. The such as a heavy so have anything to do with that kin of trash again. Now, you won't forget, will you, Hendre he had on the belowalk and away.

Miss Alorgan and Human he had on the boy's should be and continued: "Now don't you mind about it, Henry had be

It was the finest speech he could make. "I guess I it was the finest speech he could make. "I guess I it was the finest speech he could make. "I guess I it was the finest speech that the finest speech spee